

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my priſon house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to stand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, & list:
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know'r, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede.
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged processe of my death
Ranckely abusde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheticke soule! my Vncle?

Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate bealt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckr,
Will sort it selfe in a celestially bed
And pray on garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed *Hebena* in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaproous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, & horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it nor,

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